

SELECT  
HYMNS

AND

ANTHEMS,

ON

Religious Subjects,

TAKEN FROM

DAVID'S PSALMS,

AND OTHER

PASSAGES of HOLY SCRIPTURE;

AND SUNG AT

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS CHAPEL.

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*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with  
the Understanding also.* St. Paul.

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FIFTH EDITION.

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TUNBRIDGE-WELLS:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. SPRANGE;

and may be had of

J. LAMBERT, in the CLIFFE, LEWES.

THE

A. & T. H. M. S.

P. R. E. S. B. C. E.

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

THE design of publishing this small Collection of HYMNS, is to furnish those who have not a larger or better, with some variety of sentiments and of expressions suited to the pleasing Duty of singing to the praise of God. The HYMNS are the Compositions of several worthy persons, well known and deservedly esteemed for dedicating their poetical talents to the service of the Sanctuary. The common Version of *David's* Psalms, both old and new, make no part of this Collection. Select portions out of them have been often published; and, among others, one not

many years ago, for the use of the neighbourhood of *Lewes*. The present may be looked on as additional to those Collections; and is, indeed, intended to furnish many subjects, extremely proper for a Christian Worshipper to employ his thoughts about; which those several Collections, and the Versions from which they were made, are deficient in.

The Subjects of the following HYMNS are chiefly Christian, and all of universal concern. They may be used with pleasure and improvement, in public or private; changing only the words *I* and *me*, *we* and *us*, *my* and *our*, &c. as occasion requires. Particular care hath been taken that all the expressions should be general, and that no particular Phrases (the Shibboleth of party) should be admitted; and that on this head no reasonable ground of offence should be given

## P R E F A C E.

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given to any Believer in the Christian Revelation, and its primary and fundamental truths. The being, perfections, and providence of God; the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorious Kingdom of Jesus Christ; the mortality of man, and the infinitely important concerns of our future being.---These, and the consequences which naturally flow from them, are the Subjects sung in these Hymns, and they must be allowed to be of universal concern.

The Language, it is hoped, will appear suitable to the subject, clear, solemn, and manly; free from the no-meaning rant, or extravagant flights of Enthusiasm on the one hand, and yet on the other hand, not so low, flat, and unanimated as to disgust persons of discernment and taste.

It was thought proper to accompany these Hymns with a few select Tunes.--- They were chosen from many others, perhaps equally good, partly because they are not very common, and partly on account of the agreeableness of their melody, fullness of harmony, and ease of modulation. However, it is left as a matter of choice to every person, or Society of Singers, whether they will use these few Tunes, or any others they may be already in possession of.

In a word, the sole motives of making this Collection public, was the hopes of administering to the pleasure and improvement of those who delight in this most agreeable part of Christian worship: and if that be in any degree obtained, the little labour bestowed therein will be amply compensated.

SELECT

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S E L E C T  
H Y M N S.

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1. *A Morning* H Y M N, *Tune* 9, 12, or 21.  
BISHOP KENN.

1 **A** W A K E my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past,  
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;  
Thy talents to improve take care,  
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

4 Wake



## 8 SELECT HYMNS.

- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part;  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to the eternal King.
- 5 Glory to thee who safe has kept,  
And has refresh'd me while I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death may wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I to thee my vows renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard the first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, controul, suggest this day  
All I design to do or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole *Glory* may unite.

2. A HYMN of Gratitude to God.  
*Tune 2, or 20.——ADIDSON.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O! my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Un-

# SELECT HYMNS. 2 9

- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more;  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Thro' all Eternity to Thee,  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But O! Eternity's too short,  
To utter *all* thy praise.

HYMN 3.

10 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 3. *Morning Worship.* Tune 2.

Psa. 5. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **L** O R D, in the morning thou shalt hear,  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his Saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make ev'ry path of duty strait  
And plain before my face.

6 The

# SELECT HYMNS. 11

- 6 The men that love and fear thy name  
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;  
 The mighty God shall compass them  
 With favour as a shield.

HYMN 4.—*The invisible Creator seen in his Works.*—Tune 14, 9, or 23.—Pf. 19. Addison.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 And all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 The unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth:

- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What

5 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?  
What tho', nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found.

6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 5.—*The Majesty and Glory of God.*—  
*Tune 14, 9, 12, or 23.*—Ps. 104.

1 **D** O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt the great Creator's praise:  
But O! what tongue can speak his fame!  
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,  
He, glory like a garment wears:  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 Before his throne a glitt'ring band,  
Of Seraphims and Angels stand;  
Ethereal spirits, who in flight  
Outwing the active rays of light.



# SELECT HYMNS.

113

- 4 To God all nature owes its birth :  
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;  
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,  
And floor'd it with the azure sky,
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence and wisdom shines ;  
His works through all this wond'rous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Rais'd on Devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue,  
Till list'ning worlds applaud the song.

HYMN 6. *God's Sovereignty and Goodness:—*

*Tune 13. Ps. viii.—Dr. WATTS.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly king;  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the Heaven they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high,  
I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
And see the moon compleat in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies.

B

3 When

14 SELECT HYMNS.

3 When I survey the stars,  
In all their shining forms;  
Lord, what is man, that worthless Thing,  
A-kin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou should'st love him so?  
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,  
And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,  
And wond'rous are thy ways;  
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can raise  
A monument of praise.

HYMN 7. *God's Sovereign Dominion.*  
Tune 8.—Isaiah xxvi.

1 **A**lmighty God! thy powerful word,  
From nothing all things brought;  
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,  
With skill divine were wrought.

2 By thee preserv'd, the whole remains,  
A proof of power divine;  
And all that this great *all* contains,  
By sovereign right is thine.

3 Thou

## SELECT HYMNS. 15

- 3 Thou over all art Lord supreme,  
 All these from thee derive;  
 No Being can dispute this claim,  
 Or independent live.
- 4 To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,  
 To thee our *all* resign;  
 Entire to thee ourselves we vow,  
 For we are wholly thine.
- 5 To thee, and thee alone we'll live,  
 From other Lords withdrawn;  
 No more to idols homage give,  
 Nor think ourselves our own.
- 6 Accept what now without reserve,  
 We to thy will resign;  
 And let thy mighty grace preserve  
 And perfect what is thine.

HYMN 8. *The Wisdom of God in his Works.*  
*Tune 20, 8 or 5.—Pf. cxi. Dr. WATTS.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong,  
 To our Almighty God;  
 He has our heart, and he our tongue  
 To spread his name abroad.

16 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought,  
How glorious in our sight!  
And men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!  
How wise th' eternal mind!  
His counsels never change the scheme,  
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:  
The orders which his lips pronounce,  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature, and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;  
What shall we do to make us wise?  
But learn to read thy name.
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill;  
And he's the wisest of our race,  
That best obeys thy will.

HYMN

SELECT HYMNS. 17

HYMN 9. *Praise to God for his Works.*

*Tune 16.—Psa. cxxxvi. Dr. WATTS.*

1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
Jehovah heavenly king;

And let the spacious earth,

His works and glories sing;

Thy power and grace

Are still the same;

And let thy name

Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is thy hand!

What wonders hast thou done!

Who form'd the earth and seas,

And spread the heavens alone:

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure,

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

3 Thy wisdom fram'd the sun,

To crown the day with light;

The moon and twinkling stars

To cheer the darksome night:



Thy power and grace  
Are still the same,  
And let thy name  
Have endless praise.

- 4 Thine only son is sent  
To save us from our woe,  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
And every hurtful foe;

Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure,  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

HYMN 10.—*God's Government, his Church's  
Joy.*—Tune 17. *Isaiah lii. v. 7.*  
Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim  
The royal honours of his name;  
*Jehovah reigns*, be all your song;  
'Tis he thy God, O Sion reigns;  
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,  
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

# SELECT HYMNS. 19

- 2 Ye princes boast no more your crowns,  
But lay the glitt'ring trifles down,  
In lowly honors at his feet :  
A span your narrow empire bounds ?  
He reigns beyond created rounds,  
In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble ye pageants of a day,  
Form'd like your slaves, of brittle clay,  
Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;  
To everlasting years he reigns,  
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,  
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

HYMN 11.—*The Wisdom of God in the Human Frame.* Tune 2.—Pl. cxxxix. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand,  
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,  
When unborn nature grew,  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.

3 Thine

20 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part;  
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,  
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous will;  
But I review myself, and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaim thy praise;  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace.

HYMN 12. *God our Shepherd.* Tune 18.  
Psa. xxiii. ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day's walk he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When

# SELECT HYMNS. 21

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow  
Amidst the verdant landskip flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me thro' the dismal shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray;  
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile;  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN

HYMN 13. *God the Support and Guardian  
of the Poor. Tune 8, or 20.*

Psa. lxxxiv. ver. 10.—Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,  
Who from his lofty throne,  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such souls his own.
- 2 The haughty sinner he disdains,  
Tho' gems his temples crown;  
And from the seat of pomp and pride,  
His vengeance hurls him down.
- 3 On the afflicted pious poor,  
He makes his face to shine;  
He fills their cottages of clay,  
With lustre all divine.
- 4 Among the meanest of thy flock  
There let my dwelling be,  
Rather than under gilded roofs,  
If absent, Lord, from thee.
- 5 Poor and afflicted if we be,  
In thy strong name we trust;  
And bless the hand of sovereign love,  
Which lifts us from the dust.



# SELECT HYMNS. 23

HYMN 14. *God hearing Prayer.*—Tune 2.  
or 22.—Pl. cxlv. Dr. WATTS.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Our virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfill,  
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My

## 24 SELECT HYMNS:

- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honors of their God.

HYMN 15. *Divine Bounty crowns the Year.*  
Tune 8 or 20.—Ps. lxxv. ver. 6, &c.

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal power;  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light, and evening shade,  
Successive comforts bring;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and moons, and times and hours,  
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;  
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,  
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.

5 The

- 3 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN 16. *On the same Subject. New Year.*  
Tune 14, 9, 12 or 21. Dr. Doddridge. Pf. lxxv.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the chearful homage paid,  
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
 As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;  
 Still will we make thy mercies known,  
 Around thy board, and round our own.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues,  
 In worlds unknown pursue our songs;  
 And in those brighter courts adore,  
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 17. *The Bounties of Providence praised.*  
*Tune 9, 23 or 21. Dr Doddridge. Mat. v—45.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, we sing thy name,  
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
 His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
 The copious drops of genial rain;  
 Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,  
 Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;  
 Yet millions of our guilty race,  
 Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,  
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

SELECT HYMNS. 27

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our sun more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jesus, our brighter sun arise,  
In plenteous show'rs thy spirit send;  
Earth then shall grow a paradise,  
And in the heav'nly EDEN end.

HYMN 18. *Desire of Instruction.* Tune 20,  
8, or 5, Pl. cxix, Dr. WATTS.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord!  
How good thy works appear!  
Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
My service is thy due:  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.



28 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 If once I wander from thy path,  
 I think upon my ways;  
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
 And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 O save thy servant, Lord;  
 Thou art my shield, my resting place,  
 My hope is in thy word.
- 5 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
 Let not thy path be hid;  
 But mark the road my feet should go,  
 And be my constant guide.

HYMN 19. *Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.* Tune 12, 9 or 21.

Isaiah lxii. ver. 6, 7. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,  
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?  
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 Look

# SELECT HYMNS. 29

- 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
And view the desolation round;  
See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
And hurl their Idols to the ground.
- 3 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar:  
Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 4 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,  
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;  
While all the virtues of his train  
Adorn our church, and bless our isle,
- 5 On all our souls let grace descend,  
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers;  
That we may call our God our friend,  
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 6 Then shall each age and rank agree,  
United shouts of joy to raise:  
And Zion, made a praise by thee,  
To thee shall render back the praise.

HYMN 20. *Hosanna to Christ coming.*

*Tune 8 or 5.*

Luke iv. ver. 18, &c. DR. DODDRIDGE,

1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour  
comes,

The Saviour promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray;  
And on the eye oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.

# SELECT HYMNS. 31

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
T'enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim:  
And Heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 21. *Christ and Aaron compared.*  
Heb. ix.—Tune 5. Dr. WATTS.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more,  
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,  
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,  
To purge themselves from sin;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.

3 Once

32 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne.
- 4 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood  
Ascends above the skies :  
And in the presence of our God,  
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 5 Jesus, the king of Glory reigns  
On Zion's heav'nly hill;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his father's face ;  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN



# SELECT HYMNS. 33

HYMN 22. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.*

*Tune 17.*

Ephes. i.—9, 10, 11. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **W**E sing the deep mysterious plan,  
Which God devis'd ere time began,  
At length disclos'd in all its light ;  
We bless the wond'rous birth of love,  
Which beams around us from above,  
With grace so free, and hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise, eternal mind  
In *Christ*, their common head, conjoin'd  
*Gentiles* and *Jews*, and earth and heav'n,  
Thro' him from the great Father's throne,  
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,  
And endless peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful *Cherubs* guard  
The tree of life with flaming sword,  
To drive afar man's trembling race ;  
At *Salem's* pearly gates they stand,  
And smiling wait (a friendly band)  
To welcome strangers to the place.

4 While

34 SELECT HYMNS.

- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,  
 Let love our hearts with theirs unite ;  
 And ardent hope our bosoms raise ;  
 From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,  
 To those resplendent realms of day,  
 We'll try to send the sounding praise.

HYMN 23. *The Nativity of Christ, for  
 Christmas. Tune 13.—Luke ii. Dr. Watts.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,  
 The promise is fulfill'd ;  
 Mary, the wond'rous Virgin bears,  
 And Jesus is the child.
- 2 The Lord, the highest God,  
 Calls him his only son ;  
 He bids him rule the lands abroad,  
 And gives him David's throne.
- 3 To bring the glorious news,  
 A heav'nly form appears :  
 He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
 And banishes their fears.

“ 4 Go.

4 " Go, humble swains, said he,  
 " To David's city fly;  
 " The promis'd infant born to-day,  
 " Doth in a manger lie.

5 " With looks and hearts serene  
 " Go visit Christ your King ;"  
 And strait a flaming troop was seen,  
 The shepherds heard them sing.

6 *Glory to God on high,  
 And heavenly peace on earth,  
 Good will to men, to Angels joy,  
 At the Redeemer's birth.*

HYMN 24. *The Names and Titles of Christ.*  
 Tune 16. Dr. WATTS.

1 **W**ITH chearful voice I sing  
 The titles of our Lord,  
 And borrow all the names  
 Of honor from his word :  
 Nature and art  
 Can ne'er supply  
 Sufficient forms  
 Of majesty.

2 In

36 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 In Jesus we behold  
His Father's glorious face,  
Shining for ever bright  
With mild and lovely rays:  
The eternal God's  
Eternal son  
Inherits and  
Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sovereign King of kings,  
The Lord of lords most high,  
Writes his own name upon  
His garment and his thigh:  
His name is call'd  
The Son of God,  
The earth he rules  
With gracious nod.
- 4 Immense compassion reigns  
In our Imanuel's heart  
When he descends to act  
A Mediator's part:  
He is a friend  
And brother too,  
Divinely kind,  
Divinely true.

HYMN

# SELECT HYMNS. 37

HYMN 25.—*The Offices of Christ.* Tune 16.

Dr. WATTS.

1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew;  
That angels ever bore;  
All are to mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set,  
Our Saviour forth.

2 Array'd in mortal flesh  
He like an Angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hand:  
Commission'd from  
His Father's throne,  
To make his grace  
To mortals known.

3 Great Prophet of our God.  
Our tongues would bless thy name,  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;

D

The



38 SELECT HYMNS.

The joyful news  
Of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd,  
And peace with heav'n.

- 4 Now let our souls arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
Our *Captain* leads us forth  
To conquest and a crown;  
A feeble faint  
Shall win the day,  
Tho' death and hell  
Obstruct the way.

HYMN 26. *The Example of Christ.* Tune 19.  
Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold

# SELECT HYMNS. 39

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, my Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 27. *The Agonies of Christ.* Good  
Friday. Tune 2. Dr. WATTS.

1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine;  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love;  
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,  
And then our griefs remove.

D 2

3 Grace

40 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought  
The wonders of that day;  
No mortal tongue, no mortal thought  
Can equal thanks repay.
- 4 Our Hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise;  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 28. *To the Lamb that was slain.*  
For the same. *Tune 2 or 8.*—Rev. v.  
Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the glories of the Lamb,  
Amidst his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown
- 2 Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret will?  
Who but the Son should take that book,  
And open every seal?

He

# SELECT HYMNS.

41

- 3 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,  
The Son deserves it well;  
Lo! in his hand the sovereign keys  
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid,  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 29. *The Resurrection of Christ*  
For Easter Day. Tune 8 or 20.  
Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawn-  
ing rays,  
Beheld our rising Lord;  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust  
And leave his dark abode.

D 3

2 In

42 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay,  
'Till the revolving skies brought round  
The Third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our Lord in vain :  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay,  
And loud *Hofannas* shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation, and immortal praise,  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad *Hofannas* ring.

HYMN



SELECT HYMNS. 43

HYMN 30. *The Resurrection of Christ.*—  
Tune 16.

Luke xxiv.—34. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose,  
The Saviour left the dead;  
And o'er his hellish foes  
High rais'd his conquering head.  
In wild dismay  
The guard around  
Fell to the ground  
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic band  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high command,  
And worship at his feet:  
Joyful they come,  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
And glad their tidings bear;  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!

Their

Their anthems say,  
Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead,  
He rose to-day.

- 4 Ye mortals catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by him from hell;  
And send the tidings round  
The globe on which you dwell;  
Transported cry,  
Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead,  
No more to die.

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood;  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning Lord!  
Oh! let us rise  
With thee to reign,  
And empire gain  
Beyond the skies.

HYMN 31. *The Resurrection and Ascension  
of Christ. Tune 20, 8, or 22.*

Dr. WATTS.

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our *Emanuel* rose;  
He took the tyrant's sling away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes!

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise

46 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues  
To reach his blest'd abode,  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate Lord.

6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise,  
Let heav'n, and all created things  
Sound our *Emanuel's* praise.

HYMN 32. *Christ the King of the invisible  
World. Tune 14, 9, 12 or 23.*  
Revelations i.—18. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell!  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sov'reign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died,  
But now he lives for evermore:  
Bow down, ye faints, around his seat,  
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends,  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom and by love:  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 When death thy servants shall invade,  
When power of hell thy church annoy,  
Controul'd by thee, their rage shall help  
The cause they labour'd to destroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King!  
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known,  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.



HYMN 33. *The Glory of Christ in his exalted  
State. Tune 8, or 20.*

1 **O** The delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !

2 Sweet Majesty, and awful love,  
Sit smiling on his brow ;  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes, to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down ;  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice  
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street ;  
And lay their highest honors down  
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,  
That once rude iron tore,  
High on a throne of light they stand,  
And all the saints adore!

6 His head, the dear majestic head,  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around!

7 This is the *Man*, th' exalted *Man*,  
Whom we, unseen, adore;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

HYMN 34. *The Effusion of the Spirit, and  
Success of the Gospel. For Whitfunday.*  
Tune 9 or 21. Dr. WATTS:

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
When the divine disciples met;  
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

E

2 What

50 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!  
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!  
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the Champions forth,  
From *East to West*, from *South to North*;  
*Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,*  
*Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.*
- 4 Great King of grace, my heart subdue;  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 26. *A Prayer for Brotherly Love.*  
*Tune 12 or 19.*

- 1 JESUS, our Saviour, and our King,  
Of all we have or hope the spring;  
Send down thy spirit from above,  
And warm our hearts with holy love.

2 May

- 2 May we from every act abstain  
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain;  
And ev'ry secret wish suppress  
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd  
To act the friend to all mankind:  
Still wish them safety, health, and ease,  
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.
- 4 Still let my bowels melt and flow,  
When I behold a wretch in woe;  
And in his sorrows bear a part,  
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.
- 5 And should my neighbour spiteful prove,  
Still let me vanquish spite with love,  
Slow to resent, if he should grieve,  
Be apt and ready to forgive.
- 6 Let Love in all my conduct shine,  
An image faint, tho' fair of thine;  
Thus would I thy Disciple prove,  
*Great Prince of peace, great King of love.*

HYMN 36. *Submission to afflictive Providence.* Tune 5, or 2.

Job i.—21 Dr. WATTS,

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

3 The God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives (and blessed be his name)  
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at the sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.



- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread;  
 And we adore the justice too  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 37. *Frail Life.* Tune 2.—Job vii.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble frame is our's!  
 How vain a thing is man!  
 How frail are all his boasted pow'rs!  
 And short, at best, his span.

- 2 Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,  
 And cuts the yielding air;  
 Or as a kindling meteor dies,  
 E'er it can well appear.

- 3 So pass our fleeting years away,  
 And time runs on its race;  
 In vain we ask a moment's stay,  
 Nor will it slack it's pace.

- 4 But Lord, what mighty things depend  
 On our precarious breath!  
 And soon this dying life will end  
 In endless life or death.

54 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Oh! make us truly wise to learn  
How very frail we are,  
That we may mind our grand concern,  
And for our change prepare.

6 Then may we bid our years roll on,  
And time make haste away;  
The sooner will our souls be gone  
To endless life and day.

HYMN 38. *Frail Life, and succeeding  
Eternity. Tune 2.*

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

3 The

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb:  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road:  
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
May they be found with God.

56 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 39. *Man mortal. God eternal.*—  
Tune 9.—Pl. xc. Dr, WATTS.

- 1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;  
High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,  
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,  
Or dust was fashion'd into man;  
And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity;  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—  
*Return, ye sinners, to your dust.*
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
And kindly lengthen out our span;  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN 40. *The final Happiness of the  
Righteous. Tune 8 or 20.*

Matt. xxv.—34. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**TTEND mine ear, my heart rejoice,  
While Jesus from his throne,  
Amidst the bright angelic host,  
Makes his last sentence known.

- 2 When sinners, bannish'd from his face,  
To raging flames are driv'n,  
His voice, with melody divine,  
Thus calls his saints to Heav'n:—

- 3 “Blest of my Father, all draw near,  
“Receive the large reward;  
“And rise, with triumph to possess  
“The kingdom love prepared.

4 “E'er



58 SELECT HYMNS.

- 4 " E'er earth's foundations first were laid  
 " This sov'reign purpose wrought,  
 " And rear'd those palaces divine,  
 " To which you now are brought.
- 5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,  
 " Protected by my power,  
 " While sin and hell, and pains and cares,  
 " Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,  
 This *Jubilee* proclaim,  
 And teach us accents fit to praise  
 So great, so dear a name.

HYMN 41. *Grace perfected in Glory.*—  
 Tune 8, 5 or 20.

1 Peter v.—10, 11. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favors, God of grace!  
 How various and divine!  
 Full as the ocean they are pour'd,  
 And bright as Heav'n they shine.

2 He

- 2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wond'rous way,  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,  
Displays the radiant prize,  
And shews the purchase of his blood  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads thro' suff'rings of an hour,  
To joys that never end.

HYMN 42. *Communion with God and Christ.*  
*Tune 13.*

1 John i.—3. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both our friendships shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

2 God

60 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 God pities all my grief,  
He pardons ev'ry day ;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !  
What various store of good  
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,  
And purchas'd with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, my living head,  
I blefs thy faithful care ;  
Mine advocate before the throne,  
And my fore-runner there.
- 5 Here fix my roving heart,  
Here wait my warmest love,  
Till the Communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN

HYMN 43. *The Diffolation of the World.*

*Tune 12 or 9.*

2 Peter iii.—11, 12. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY waken'd foul, extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things :  
See this vain world in smoke decay,  
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll,  
Thro' heav'n's wide arch, from pole to pole ;  
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast ;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

3 This wreck of nature all around,  
The Angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,  
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
And eccho his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam all appear,  
With rev'rence round his awful bar ;  
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless blifs, or endless woe.

F

5 Lord,

62 SELECT HYMNS.

- 5 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display  
Frequent thro' each revolving day,  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there!

HYMN 44. *For the Lord's Day.*  
Psalm 118, or Easter. Tune 8, or 20.  
Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna! to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy son !  
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
Salvation from the throne.

4 Bleft



SELECT HYMNS. 63

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna! in the highest strain  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise,

HYMN 45. *Invitation to the Holy Communion*  
*Tune 9, or 19.*  
Malachi i.—5. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread!  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

F 2

3 Why

64 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,  
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?  
 Was not for you the victim slain?  
 Are you forbid the children's-bread?
- 4 O let thy table honor'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests;  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping graces live;  
 And more, that energy afford,  
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 46. *The Pleasure of Public Worship.*  
 Tune 16. Pf. lxxxiv. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair,  
 The dwellings of thy love.  
 Thy earthly temples are.

To

SELECT HYMNS. 65

To thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

2 Oh ! happy souls ! that pray  
Where God appoints to hear ;  
Happy the men that pay  
Their constant service there :  
They praise thee still ;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength  
Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears :  
The glorious feat  
Of God our King,  
Oh ! thither bring  
Our willing feet.

66 SELECT HYMNS.

4 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside.  
Where God resorts  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.

5 The Lord his people loves  
His hand no good with-holds,  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls.  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.

SELECT HYMNS. 67

47 *Evening* HYMN. *Tune 19.*  
Bishop KENN.

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the Judgment day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep that may me more active make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Let



68 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis Heaven on earth, 'tis Heaven above,  
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

HYMN 26. *A plain Translation of Psalm c.*  
*Tune 14, or 21. Dr. WATTS.*

1 **Y**E nations round the earth rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;  
Serve him with chearful heart and voice ;  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter

- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
 With praises to his courts repair;  
 And make it your divine employ,  
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;  
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;  
 And the whole race of man shall find  
 His truth from age to age endure.

HYMN 49. Psalm cxlviii. *Tune 16.*  
 TATE.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's name;  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame:  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye cherubim  
 And seraphim,  
 To sing his praise.

- 2 Thou Moon that rul'st the night,  
 And Sun that guid'st the day;  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay:

His

His praise declare  
Ye Heav'ns above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.

- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his Holy Name,  
By whose Almighty Word  
They all from nothing came,  
And all shall last  
From changes free,  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast,

- 4 United zeal be shewn  
His wond'rous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends  
His power obey,  
His glorious sway  
The sky transcends.

SELECT HYMNS. 71

HYMN 50. Psalm civ. Tune 24.

1 MY soul praise the Lord,  
Speak good of his Name;  
O Lord our great God,  
How dost thou appear!  
So passing in glory,  
That great is thy fame,  
Honor and Majesty  
In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe  
Thou hast thyself clad,  
Whereby all the earth  
Thy greatness may see:  
The heav'ns in such sort  
Thou also hast spread,  
That they to a curtain  
Compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie  
In the clouds full sure,  
Which as his chariots  
Are made him to bear:

And

72 SELECT HYMNS.

And there with much swiftneſs  
His courſe doth endure,  
Upon the wings riding  
Of winds in the air.

HYMN 51. Psalm xcv. TATE.  
*Tune 23.*

1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us ſing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;  
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.  
Into his preſence let us haſte,  
To thank him for his favors paſt;  
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs  
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

2 For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great;  
A King ſuperior far to all,  
Whom, by his title, God we call.  
O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our maker fall.

HYMN



SELECT HYMNS. 73

HYMN 52. Psalm xxxiii. *Tune 22.* TATE.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy  
Their chearful voices raise,  
For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise :  
For faithful is the Word of God,  
His works with truth abound ;  
He justice loves, and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 2 By his Almighty Word at first  
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd,  
And all the beauteous hosts of light  
At his command appear'd :  
Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees  
Shall stand for ever sure,  
The settled purpose of his heart  
To ages shall endure.
- 3 Our souls on God with patience wait,  
Our help and shield is he,  
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in thee.  
The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

74 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 53. Psalm xxxvi. *Tune 21.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,  
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy Providence is kind and large,  
Both men and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
The Good are thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

T H E

---

# T H E I N D E X.

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# I N D E X.

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PART THE SECOND.

---

S E L E C T

ANTHEMS,  
CHANTS, &c.

To which are added, some of the  
MAGDALEN HYMNS,  
A N D  
Others, from different Authors, on  
Religious Subjects :

TAKEN FROM  
PASSAGES of HOLY SCRIPTURE,  
AND SUNG AT  
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS CHAPEL.

---

Many of them never before printed.

---

*O sing unto the Lord a new Song :*  
*Sing unto the Lord, all the whole Earth. Pf. xcvi*

---

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. SPRANGE;  
and may be had of  
J. LAMBERT, in the CLIFFE, LEWES.



PART THE SECOND

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

ANNE

THE SECOND

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND OF IRELAND

IN THE YEAR

1702

BY

JOHN HUGHES

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

OXFORD

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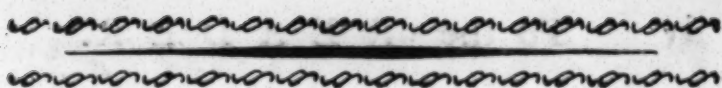
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T O T H E  
*R E A D E R.*

**I**N the preceding Collection of Hymns (which now makes the *First Part* of this Work, and may be had sepeate or together) a PREFACE is given, in which the Design of that Publication is shewn; and whereby the Publifher's Zeal for the Promotion of CHURCH MELODY, as well as his known Abilities in that Science, renders any further Comment unnecessary.

To this subsequnt Collection, therefore, whatever Merit is due, must be thrown into the same Scale.

iv      To the R E A D E R.

The Chosen, for the general Part, are His; and such of them as have been otherwise collected, were submitted to his Approbation.

It may be added, that the Whole of them are sung, at different Times, in TUNBRIDGE-WELLS CHAPEL; where, occasionally, some of the first Judges of Music frequent: several of whom, have frequently expressed their Pleasure on hearing them sung.

If it shall please God, that this Collection should ever be esteemed *useful*, (which Design it is led to promote) the Publisher will be very well content to have it pass under no other Character.

SELECT



S E L E C T  
H Y M N S.

---

HYMN 1. *On the Excellency of the Bible.*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with  
praise,  
On all thy works I look :  
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
Shine brighter in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may soar to heaven.

The

6 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 The fields provide me food, and shew  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
Shew what my faults have been ;  
And from the Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here wou'd I learn how Christ has dy'd,  
To save my soul from hell :  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heav'nly Wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh 'delight,  
By day to read these wonders o'er  
And meditate by night.

HYMN



SELECT HYMNS.

7

HYMN 2. *On the Passion.*

MAGDALEN.

- 1 FROM whence these dire portends around  
That earth and heav'n amaze;  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,  
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of the descending God!
- 3 Thou earth, thy lowest centre shakes;  
With JESU sympathize!  
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,  
'Tis thy Creator dies!
- 4 What tongue the tortures can declare  
Of this vindictive hour!  
Wrath, he alone, had will to share,  
As he alone had pow'r!

5 See,

8 SELECT HYMNS.

5 See, streaming from the fatal tree,  
His all-atoning blood !  
Is this the Infinite ?——'Tis He !  
My Saviour, and my God !

6 For me, these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is borne !  
My sin gave sharpness to the nail ;  
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

7 Let sin no more my soul enslave,  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain ;  
Oh, save me ! whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain !

HYMN 3. *The Christian's Hope.*  
MAGDALEN.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear ;  
I see my Maker, face to face ;  
O how shall I appear ?

2 If

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear ?
- 4 But thou hast told the troubl'd mind,  
Who does her sins lament ;  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
E'er yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give these sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure :  
Who knows, thy only Son has dy'd,  
To make her pardon sure.

10 SELECT HYMNS.

4. *The Easter Hymn. For Three Voices.*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to day, *Hallelujahs*  
Our triumphant holy day, *Halle.*  
Who so lately on the Cross *Halle.*  
Suffer'd to redeem our loss. *Halle.*
- 2 Hymns of praises let us sing, *Halle.*  
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King; *Halle.*  
Who endur'd both Cross and Grave, *Halle.*  
Sinners to redeem and save. *Halle.*
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd, *Halle.*  
Our Salvation has procur'd; *Halle.*  
Now he reigns above the sky, *Halle.*  
Where the angels ever cry. *Halle.*

HYMN 5. *On the Sabbath.*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house;  
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2. Thine

## SELECT HYMNS. 11

- 2 Thine early Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above:  
To that, our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place:  
No groans to mingle with the songs,  
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares, to break the long repose:  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day! begin—  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain wou'd we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN



12 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 5. *On the unknown World.*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 **H**ARK, my gay friend, that solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul:  
'Tis gone, that's all—we know not where,  
Or how, th' unbody'd soul does fare!
- 2 In that mysterious world, none knows  
But God alone, to whom it goes;  
To whom, departed souls return,  
To take their doom—to smile or mourn.
- 3 Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,  
That unknown world we're hast'ning to:  
God has lock'd up the mystic page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.
- 4 Wise heav'n, to render search perplex,  
Has drawn, 'twixt this world and next,  
A dark impenetrable screen;  
All behind which, is yet unseen.

5 We

5 We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell,  
But what they mean, no tongue can tell :  
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,  
And hell the chaos of despair !

6 But what these awful words imply,  
None of us know, before we die ;  
Whether we will or no, we must  
Take the succeeding world on trust.

7 'This hour, perhaps, our friend is well,—  
The next—we hear his passing bell :  
He dies ! and then, for aught we see,  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,  
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more ;  
Then, undirected, to repair  
To distant worlds, we know not where.

9 Swift flies the soul ! perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;  
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,  
E'er the forsaken clay is cold.

14 SELECT HYMNS.

10 And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,  
Though dead, may be so far remov'd,  
Only this veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

11 Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say,  
"They're out of hearing—far away ;"  
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,  
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

12 And yet, no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where or how they live ;  
Though conscious whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know.

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To keep this secret of their state,  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man may live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my sov'reign if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees :  
Why should I wish him to reveal  
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

15 It

15 It is enough that I believe,  
Heav'n's brighter far than we conceive;  
And they, who make it all their care,  
To serve God here, shall see him there.

16 But, oh! what worlds shall I survey,  
The moment that I leave this clay?  
How sudden the surprise, how new!  
Let it, my God, be happy too.

HYMN 6. *On the Sacrament.*  
MAGDALEN.

1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood;  
And to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 Oh, for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above!  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love?

16 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,  
And bring us yet more near ;  
Here we may see thy glories shine,  
And taste thy mercies here.
- 4 Oh! may that love which spread thy board,  
Dispose us for the feast ;  
May faith behold a smiling God,  
Thro' Jesu's bleeding breast.
- 5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise  
In such a scene as this,  
And view the happy moment near,  
That shall compleat our bliss.

HYMN 7. *On Thanks to God*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 **A**LL glorious God, what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise !  
What flaming love and zeal is due,  
While heav'n stands open to our view.

2 Once



SELECT HYMNS. 17

- 2 Once we were fallen, and oh how low !  
Just on the brink of endless woe :  
Doom'd to the heritage in hell,  
Where sinners in deep darkness dwell,
- 3 But lo, a ray of chearful light,  
Scatters the horrid shade of night :  
Lo, what triumphant grace is shewn  
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores  
A bright inheritance is ours :  
Where faints in light our coming wait,  
To share their only blissful state.
- 5 If ready-drest, for heav'n we shine,  
Thine are the robes, the crown is thine :  
May endless years their course prolong,  
While, *Thine the Praise*, be all our song.

18 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 8. *On Whit Sunday.*—MAGDALEN.

- 1 **C**REATOR spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid ;  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee :  
Illumine our dull darken'd sight,  
Thou source of uncreated light.
- 3 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 4 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;  
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,  
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command
- 5 Proceeding spirit, our defence,  
Who doth the gift of tongues dispense,  
Refine and purge our earthly parts,  
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts.

6 Our frailties help, our vice controul,  
Submit the senses to the soul :  
Feeble alas, we are, and frail;  
Let not the world, or flesh prevail.

7 Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

8 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son by thee.

9 Immortal honors, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name :  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who, for lost man's redemption died.

10 And equal adoration be,  
Creator Spirit, paid to thee :—  
“ Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;  
“ Come, pour thy joys on human kind.”

H Y M N

HYMN 9. *On Charity.*—By Mr. PRIOR.

MAGDALEN.

**D** I D sweeter sounds adorn my flowing  
 tongue,  
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:  
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
 That thought can reach, or science can define:  
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth  
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth;  
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;  
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,  
 When Moses gave them miracles and law.  
 Yet gracious charity, indulgent guest,  
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,  
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,  
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair.  
 A cymbol's sound were better than my voice:  
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity!

# SELECT HYMNS. 21

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:  
Knows, with just reigns, and gentle hand to  
guide

Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride;  
Not soon provok'd she easily forgives,  
And much she suffers, as she much believes:  
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives,  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
And opens in each heart, a little heav'n!  
Each other gift which God on man bestows,  
Its proper bound, and due reflection knows.

## HYMN 10. *For a Fast Day.*

MAGDALEN.

1 GREAT God of hosts, attend our pray'r,  
And make the British isles thy care;  
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,  
When angry nations round us rise.

2 *Fein*



22 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 Fein would they tread our glory down,  
And in the dust defile our crown :  
Deluge our houses with our blood,  
And burn the temples of our God.
- 3 But 'midst the thunder of their rage,  
We, thy protection wou'd engage ;  
O raise thy saving arm on high,  
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.
- 4 May Britain, as one man be led,  
To make the Lord her fear and dread ;  
Our souls no other fears shall know,  
Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.
- 5 Give ear, ye countries from afar,  
Ye proud associate nations, hear,  
While fix'd on him who rules the sky,  
Our hearts your threat'ned war defy.
- 6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,  
Your scatter'd force unite again ;  
Again shall all that force be broke,  
When God, with us, shall deal the stroke.

- 7 Now he records our humble tears,  
With ardent vows, for future years:  
And destines for approaching days,  
Victorious shouts and songs of praise.
- 8 Emanuel's land shall safe remain,  
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign;  
Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease,  
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

HYMN 11. *For Midnight.*

## MAGDALEN.

- 1 **M**Y God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take:  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high:  
You joyful hymn the ever blest,  
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with

- 3 I with your choir celestial join,  
In offering up a hymn divine;  
With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust:  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare.
- 5 Give me a place at thy faints feet,  
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat:  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.
- 6 O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamps burning in my hand:  
May I, in sight of heav'n rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 7 All praise to thee, in light array'd,  
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:  
A boundless ocean of bright beams,  
From thy all glorious God-head streams.

8 The sun, in its meridian height,  
Is very darkness in thy sight :  
My soul O lighten, and inflame  
With thought and love of thy great name.

9 Bless'd Jesus, thou, on heav'n intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;  
But I, frail creature, soon am-tir'd,  
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.

10 My soul, how canst thou weary grow  
Of antedating bliss below ?  
In sacred hymns, and heav'nly love,  
Which will eternal be above.

11 Shine on me Lord, new life impart,  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;  
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light,  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

12 Lord, lest the tempter me surprize,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout.

26 SELECT HYMNS.

- 13 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 12. *On the New Year.*

MAGDALEN.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant care,  
With blessings crowns the op'ning  
year :

This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew mine annual song.

- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since, from this day, the changing sun  
Thro' his last yearly period run.

- 3 We yet survive—but who can say,  
Or thro' the year, or month or day,  
“ I will retain this vital breath  
“ Thus far, at least, in league with death.”

4 That



# SELECT HYMNS. 27

- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode:  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee, our spirits we resign;  
Make them, and own them still as thine:  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Tho' death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid Time's impetuous tide roll on;  
And land them on that blooming shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.

## HYMN 13. *For Public Thanksgiving.* MAGDALEN.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong,  
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;  
His hand hath dealt a deadly blow,  
And terror strikes the haughty foe.

C 2

2 Praise

28 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's pray'r;  
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,  
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 3 Oh may thy grace our land engage,  
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage)  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.
- 4 Our temples, guarded from the flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant name;  
And ev'ry peaceful private home,  
To thee, a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk, as in thy honor'd sight:  
Still in thy precepts, and thy fear,  
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN

HYMN 14. *For the Use of the Sick.*

MAGDALEN.

- 1 **M**Y God, with grateful heart I'll raise  
A daily altar to thy praise;  
Thy friendly hand my course directs,  
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.
- 2 When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,  
Past mercies teach me where to fly:  
The same Almighty arm can aid,  
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 3 To all the various help of art,  
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;  
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save  
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 4 All med'cines act by thy decree,  
Receive commission all from thee;  
And not a plant which spreads the plains,  
But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.

28 SELECT HYMNS.

2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's pray'r ;  
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,  
Answers in his well-chosen day.

3 Oh may thy grace our land engage,  
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage)  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

4 Our temples, guarded from the flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;  
And ev'ry peaceful private home,  
To thee, a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk, as in thy honor'd fight :  
Still in thy precepts, and thy fear,  
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN

HYMN 14. *For the Use of the Sick.*  
MAGDALEN.

- 1 **M**Y God, with grateful heart I'll raise  
A daily altar to thy praise;  
Thy friendly hand my course directs,  
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.
- 2 When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,  
Past mercies teach me where to fly:  
The same Almighty arm can aid,  
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 3 To all the various help of art,  
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;  
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save  
Unless an angel blest'd the wave.
- 4 All med'cines act by thy decree,  
Receive commission all from thee;  
And not a plant which spreads the plains,  
But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.



- 5 Clay, and Siloam's pool, we find,  
At heav'n's command, restor'd the blind;  
Hence Jordan's waters once were seen,  
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 6 But grant me nobler favors still,  
Grant me to know and do thy will:  
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain;  
And save me from eternal pain.
- 7 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?  
My crimes, my crimes arise in view!  
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,  
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 8 But oh! regard my contrite sighs,  
By tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;  
To me thy boundless love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 9 These lovely names I ne'er cou'd plead,  
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;  
His blood procures, for Adam's race,  
Admittance to the throne of grace.

# SELECT HYMNS. 31

10 When vice hath shot its poison'd dart,  
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart ;  
His blood is all-sufficient found,  
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.

11 What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?  
What venom gives such pain within ?  
Thou great physician of the soul,  
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

12 Oh! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,  
With deep submission to thy will,  
Sickness and death shall both agree,  
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

## HYMN 15. For Christmas, MAGDALEN.

1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng ;  
For angels no such love have known,  
T' awake a chearful song.

32 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 Good will to sinful men is shewn,  
And peace on earth is given;  
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
With messages from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn;  
Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid;  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms  
Where Christ exalted reigns;  
And learn of the celestial choir,  
Their own immortal strains?

H Y M N

HYMN 16. *For a Funeral.*

Pfalm civ.—13.

1 **S**INCE our good friend is gone to rest,  
Within the silent grave;  
We hope his soul's among the blest,  
Let fruitless sorrows wave.

2 Our loss is now his greatest gain,  
Let no rude hand annoy :  
His dust now sleeps, exempt from pain,  
In hopes of future joy.

3 We, at the great and joyful day,  
Shall altogether meet;  
And there our awful homage pay,  
At our kind master's feet.

4 Then the great Judge from his high throne,  
Bright crowns of gold shall give,  
To such as have his precepts known,  
And study'd well to live.

5 Oh !

34 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Oh! let us then our hearts prepare,  
For that uncertain hour:  
Lest death should end our pain and care,  
In sin, by satan's pow'r.

6 Lord! give us grace our time to spend,  
In Virtue's prudent way;  
That when our latter days do end,  
No guilt may us dismay.

HYMN 17. Acts x.—36.

By T. B.

1 **A**LL hail! the powers of Jesus grace;  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him, Lord of all.

2 Ye ransom'd sinners, who, by grace,  
Are sav'd from satan's thrall;  
Now let your pow'rs, and hearts and tongues,  
Sing, crown him Lord of all.

3 Angels



- 3 Angels who never, never sinn'd,  
His love preserv'd your fall :  
Exalt the Lamb, in lofty strains,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Ye saints and martyrs of your God,  
Who from the altar call ;  
Praise him in your high-swellling notes,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Heralds, proclaim his dying love,  
Aloud to mortals call :  
Preach not yourselves, but Jesus Christ,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 O ye, that know and fear his name,  
From depth of trouble call ;  
Shout forth the praise of Sion's King,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Ye sun and moon, ye stars and seas,  
Terrestrial floating ball !  
In loud responses swell the song,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

# H Y M N S

BY THE

Rev. RICHARD ONELY, A. M.

Late Rector of SPELDHURST and ASHURST,  
in the County of KENT.

HYMN 1. *To God the Father, the Creator,  
and Preserver.*

1 GREAT God, on whom all angels call,  
By all the earth ador'd:  
Eternal,—Infinite, of all  
Maker, Preserver, Lord!

2 The spacious heav'ns, the radiant sun,  
The stars with glitt'ring flame:  
Around their orbits as they run,  
Declare thy glorious name.

3 Aud

- 3 And whilst thy mighty care above  
Guides each cœlestial sphere,  
Below, thy bounty, and thy love  
Still crowns the circling year.
- 4 Thro' all the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy providence we see:  
From age to age creation stands,  
Upheld, and rul'd by Thee.
- 5 Else wou'd this beauteous order break,  
In wild confusion hurl'd;  
The stars their wonted course forsake,  
And world wou'd burst on world.
- 6 Let what hath breath, a God proclaim,  
In air, land, skies, and seas;  
All music warble forth his name,  
All language sound his praise.

38 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 19. *To God the Son, the Saviour,  
and Redeemer.*—R. ONELY.

- 1 **A**LL hail! from everlasting Lord,  
Before the world began ;  
Immanuel, Jesus, Christ, the Word,  
Messiah, God, and Man !
- 2 Great Prophet ! who when darkness reign'd  
O'er all the human kind,  
God's will reveal'd—his laws explain'd,  
And lighten'd every mind.
- 3 Great Priest ! whose death, for our misdeeds,  
A sacrifice supplied ;  
Who now in heav'n still intercedes,  
For whom, on earth He died.
- 4 Great King ! whom here, with saints above,  
The faithful all obey ;  
And own, in universal love,  
His universal sway.

5 To

5 To Thee, with hallow'd joy elate,  
Continual hymns we sing;  
Hail! in thy three-fold office great,  
Hail! Prophet, Priest, and King!

6 Thy throne, devotion shall adore,  
And, with her purest strains  
Ascribe all glory, honor, pow'r—  
Our God, our Saviour reigns!

HYMN 20. *To the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, and Comforter.—R. ONLY.*

1 **H**AIL! Holy Ghost! not least, tho' last  
In order of the Three:  
Co-equal God, from ages past,  
To all eternity.

2 'Tis thine our hearts to sanctify,  
And bid our faith increase;  
Thy sacred fruits—love, patience, joy,  
Fair hope, and endless peace!



3 Thy grace, unthinking vice restrains  
From ruin's flow'ry road :  
Thy comforts sooth affliction's pains,  
And ease life's heavy load.

4 They sweeten all our daily toil,  
They sickness can disarm ;  
Hence wan despair is taught to smile,  
Hence death itself can charm.

5 With heav'nly thoughts my breast inspire,  
And guide my steps along ;  
And kindle with celestial fire,  
My consecrated song.

6 To Thee, our hand shall join in pray'r,  
And bend, shall ev'ry knee ;  
Each humble soul itself prepare,  
A temple unto Thee.

H Y M N

HYMN 21. *To Jehovah, the Tri-une Deity.*

Universal Thanksgiving.

R. ONLY.

1 **J**EHOVAH! Lord of earth and heav'n,  
Supreme directing mind!  
We thank Thee, for each gift that's giv'n  
To us—and all mankind.

2 For all thy bount'ous hand bestows,  
Health, raiment, dwelling, food,  
We thank Thee: for all good still flows  
From Thee, the sovereign good.

3 For life, and life's continual stay,  
Thy mercy we proclaim:  
For ev'ry comfort, ev'ry day,  
We laud thy Holy Name.

4 And yet no less, whilst thankful still  
For favors, all so free:  
We thank Thee, for each cross—each ill  
That brings us unto Thee.

42 SELECT HYMNS.

5 But most, for what is most esteem'd,  
Thy goodness is ador'd:  
A Saviour given!—a world redeem'd!  
And Paradise restor'd.

6 Come then, whilst gracious heav'n imparts  
Such blessings from above:  
Come, fill our grateful joyful hearts  
Repentance! Faith! and Love.

HYMN 22. *To the Holy, blessed, and  
glorious Trinity.*—R. ONELY.

1 **B**LESS'D Trinity! on whom we call,  
And worship without end:  
Thrice holy, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend!

2 Three persons in one God-head—Three  
In myslie union join'd;  
Whose offices of love agree  
To bless, and save mankind.

3 Strong

# SELECT HYMNS. 43

- 3 Strong, in this faith, our glorious boast,  
We equal honors shew,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
In every church below.
- 4 Whilst saints above, in notes divine,  
Shall tune the golden lyre;  
And all the host of heav'n shall join  
'The universal choir!

HYMN 23. *Jesus Christ, our Mediator  
and Atonement.*—R. ONLY.

- 1 **W**HAT pen can paint, what thought  
can reach,  
What knowledge ever scan;  
Or oh! what language fitly preach  
The love of God to man!
- 2 Man disobeys, and is undone!  
See, Mercy soon relent!  
God sent his only Son—his Son  
Was willing to be sent.

3 Glad

## 44 SELECT HYMNS.

3 Glad to fulfil what heav'n decreed,  
On healing wings he came,  
The angel of our peace, we read  
Salvation in his name.

4 Jesus, for sin, atonement made,  
The victim—he alone;  
Who, for our lives a ransom paid,  
By laying down his own.

5 Thus what we lost by one man's fall,  
One man again shall give;  
As *all* in Adam die, so *all*  
In Christ shall ever live.

6 To Christ, our Life, our Joy, our King,  
Loud, loud hosannas raise;  
To Christ, the free-will off'rings bring  
Of duty, thanks, and praise.



HYMN



HYMN 24. From Pf. xiii.—TATE.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?  
Must I for ever mourn?  
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,  
Oh, never to return?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,  
And grief my heart oppress?  
How long my enemies insult,  
And I have no redress.
- 3 Oh, hear! and to my longing eyes  
Restore thy wonted light,  
And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
In everlasting night.
- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
'Twas their own strength o'ercame:  
Permit not them that vex my soul  
To triumph in my shame.

HYMN

46 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 25. From Psalm xviii.—TATE.

1 **N**O change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;  
For thou hast always been a rock,  
A fortress, and defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;  
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3 To thee I will address my pray'r,  
(To whom all praise we justly owe;)  
So shall I, by thy watchful care,  
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

4 By floods of wicked men distress'd,  
With seas of sorrow compass'd round,  
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,  
In death's unwieldy fetters bound.

HYMN

HYMN 26. From Ps. xlix.—TATE.

- 1 **L**ET all the listening world attend,  
And my instruction hear :  
Let high and low, and rich and poor,  
With joint consent give ear.
- 2 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd,  
Shall good advice impart,  
The sound result of prudent thoughts,  
Digested in my heart.
- 3 To parables of weighty sense,  
I will my ear incline ;  
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing  
Dark words of deep design.
- 4 Why should my courage fail in times  
Of danger and of doubt,  
When sinners that would me supplant,  
Have compals'd me about ?

HYMN

48 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 27. From Psalm xviii.

STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.

1 MY God, my rock, in whom I trust,  
The worker of my wealth,  
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,  
The horn of all my health.

2 The Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heav'ns high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

3 When I sing laud unto the Lord,  
Most worthy to be serv'd,  
Then from my foes I am right sure  
That I shall be preserv'd.

4 On cherubs and on cherubims,  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

HYMN

SELECT HYMNS. 49

HYMN 28. From Psalm cxxxix.

STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.

- 1 **Y**EA, let me take the morning wings,  
And let me go and dwell  
Ev'n in the very utmost parts,  
Where flowing seas do swell.
- 2 Yet, certainly there also shall  
Thy hand me lead and guide,  
And thy right hand shall hold me fast,  
And make me to abide.
- 3 Or if I say the darkness shall  
Shroud me quite from thy sight,  
Ev'n then, the night that is most dark  
About me shall be light.
- 4 The darkness hideth not from thee,  
But night doth shine as day;  
To thee the darkness, and the light,  
Are both alike away,

E

HYMN



50 SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN 29. From Psalm cl.—MERRICK.

The Music from PASQUALI.

1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,  
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine :  
Let the firmament on high,  
To its Maker's praise reply :  
*Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,  
To your songs suggest a theme.*

2 Be the harp no longer mute,  
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute :  
Wake, to life each tuneful string,  
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring :  
*Let the organ. in his praise,  
Learn its loudest notes to raise.*

3 And the cymbal's varying sound,  
From the vaulted roof rebound ;  
All, who vital breath enjoy,  
In his praise, that breath employ ;  
*And in one great chorus join—  
Praise, O praise the name divine.*

HYMN

HYMN 30.—From Pl. lxxxiv. MERRICK.

The Music from PASQUALI.

1 O THOU, whom heav'n's high hosts  
revere,

God of our fathers, bow thine ear;  
Look down, our only Hope! look down:  
Behold us, but without a frown.

2 O let thy beams, in mercy shed,  
Stream copious on thy servant's head;  
Blest, who in confidence of pray'r  
To Thee, great God, resign their care.

3 Thou, Lord, art ISRAEL's sun and shield:  
Thy love shall grace, and glory yield;  
Nor e'er permit the pious train  
Thy gifts to ask, and ask in vain.

HYMN 31. From Psalm xcvi.—TATE.

1 **S**ING to the Lord, a joyful song,  
Let all, in one assembl'd throng  
The great Jehovah's praise resound!  
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us has with salvation crown'd;  
To all the world his praise rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.

2 Proclaim aloud—Jehovah reigns!  
Whose pow'r his glorious works sustains,  
Till time and death shall be no more.  
Let heav'n its sacred joys confess,  
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;  
His loud applause let ocean roar.  
Thro' all his num'rous isles rejoice,  
And for his triumph find a voice.

3 For

- 3 For joy—let fertile valleys sing,  
 The chearful groves their tribute bring :  
 The hills—the plains—all nature wake ;  
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,  
 Who now appears in awful state,  
 His progress thro' the earth to make.  
 From Thee we live, to Thee we call,  
 Hail ! bounteous, gracious, Lord of all.



# Select Chants, &c.

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## CHANT I.

1 **L**IFT your voice, and chearful sing  
 Praises to your heav'nly King:  
*For his blessings far extend,  
 And his mercies know no end.*

2 Be the Lord your only theme,  
 Who, of Gods— is God supreme:  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*

3 He, to whom all Lords beside,  
 Bow the knee, and veil their pride:  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*

4 Who



- 4 Who asserts his just command,  
By the wonders of his hand :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*
- 5 He, whose wisdom thron'd on high,  
Built the mansions of the sky :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*
- 6 He, who bade the wat'ry deep  
Under earth's foundations sleep :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*
- 7 And the orbs that gild the pole,  
Thro' the boundless æther roll :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*
- 8 Thee, O Sun, whose pow'rful ray  
Rules the empire of the day :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*
- 9 You, O moon, and stars, whose light  
Breaks the horrors of the night :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*

56 SELECT CHANTS.

10 He with food sustains, O earth,  
All who claim from thee their birth :  
*For his blessings far extend, &c.*

11 Lift your voice, and chearful sing,  
Praise to heav'n's eternal King :  
*For his blessings far extend,  
And his mercies know no end.*

CH A N T II.

From the civth Psalm.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield ;  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flock

# SELECT CHANTS. 57

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
Clouds, that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,  
From her rich o'erflowing stores.
- 5 These, to Thee, great God we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these, our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

## CHANT III.—From Psalm cvi.

- 1 **L**ET songs of joy, to God ascend,  
Whose love, nor limit knows, nor end:  
But O what tongue, in equal lay,  
His acts can speak, his praise display.

2 O still

58 SELECT CHANTS.

- 2 O still our Father, and our friend,  
To all our wants, great God, attend;  
Thrice happy who with stedfast will,  
The dictates of thy law fulfill.
- 3 With those thy chosen flock assign'd,  
May we, our lot for ever find:  
O grant us, Lord, with those to prove,  
The pow'r of thy redeeming love.
- 4 And while thy mercy on our heads,  
The fullness of its blessing sheds,  
With them th' accepted hymn to sing,  
To Thee, our Saviour, and our King.
- 5 O thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,  
The God by Jacob's sons ador'd:  
His fame, e'er time its course began,  
O'er heav'n's wide region echoing ran.
- 6 To him, thro' endless ages raise,  
One song of oft-repeated praise;  
And let consenting nations join  
To bless, with us, the pow'r divine.

CHANT

SELECT CHANTS. 59

CHANT IV. From Psalm cxxxvi.

BISHOP PATRICK.

1 **R**ENDER, and oft your thanks repeat  
To God, who is as good, as great :  
His mercies ever more endure.

2 To him your chearful praises sing,  
Whom angels worship as their King :  
Whose mercy is for ever sure.

3 To him, whom highest princes own,  
By low prostrations at his throne :  
His mercies ever more endure.

4 To him, whose wond'rous works declare  
His pow'r to be beyond compare :  
To ev'ry age his mercy's sure.

5 His wisdom, when the heav'ns you view,  
Their brightness, and their order shew :  
His mercies ever more endure.

6 To



60 SELECT CHANTS.

- 6 To him, who laid the seas below  
The earth, which they can ne'er o'erflow :  
To ev'ry age his mercy's sure.
- 7 To him, who out of night's dull shade,  
To cheer the world, great lights has made :  
His mercies ever more endure.
- 8 The sun, that gives us quick'ning heat,  
And light, our labors to compleat :  
To ev'ry age his mercy's sure.
- 9 The moon and stars, when down we lay  
For our repose, its place supply :  
His mercies ever more endure.
- 10 He satisfies all flesh with food,  
All creatures wants, supplies with good :  
To ev'ry age his mercy's sure.
- 11 Then, with the highest notes of praise,  
Our thanks to heav'n's great God let's raise ;  
His mercies ever more endure.

CHANT

CHANT V. From Psalm xxiii.  
MERRICK.

*God our Shepherd.*

<sup>1</sup> **L**O, my Shepherd's hand divine!  
Want shall never more be mine;  
In a pasture, fair and large,  
He shall feed his happy charge.

<sup>2</sup> When I faint with summer's heat,  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams, that still and flow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

<sup>3</sup> He, my soul a-new shall frame,  
And, his mercy to proclaim;  
When thro' devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way.

<sup>4</sup> Thro' the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread;  
There I walk, from terror free,  
While protected, Lord, by Thee.

F

5 Thou,

62 SELECT CHANTS.

5 Thou. my plenteous board has spread,  
Thou, with oil, refresh'd my head ;  
Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows,  
For thy love, no limit knows.

6 Constant to my latest end,  
This my footsteps shall attend ;  
And, shall bid thy hallow'd dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

CHANT VI. From Ps. xcvi. — MERRICK.

*Praise to God.*

1 **L**IFT your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King ;  
For his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.

2 ISRAEL, thy Creator bless!  
And with joyous tongue confess,  
That his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.

3 Ye

SELECT CHANTS. 63

- 3 Ye who make his will your care,  
With assenting voice declare,  
That his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.
- 4 O, how safe the man, whose mind  
Recls on Jacob's God reclin'd!  
Safer far than they, who trust  
On the help of breathing dust.
- 5 Thee, the God enthron'd above,  
Thee my lips shall sing, whose love—  
To my voice attention gave,  
Prompt to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Safe in Israel's Lord confide,  
He is God, and none beside;  
Thee, my God, in lengthen'd lays,  
Thee my raptur'd lips shall praise.
- 7 Lift your voice, and thankful sing,  
Praises to your heav'nly King;  
For his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.

S E L E C T  
A N T H E M S.

---

ANTHEM I. From Psalm lxiii.

(DUETTO.)

- 1 **O** GOD, thou art my God; and early  
will I seek Thee :

(SOLO.)

- 2 My soul now thirsteth for thee, O God :  
my flesh also longeth after thee, in a dry  
and barren land, where no water is.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 Thus have I looked for thee in holiness, that  
I might behold thy power and glory :

Two.



SELECT ANTHEMS. 63

(TWO VOICES.)

- 4 For thy loving kindness is better than life  
itself: my lips shall praise thee.

(BASS SOLO.)

- 5 As long as I live, will I magnify thee on this  
manner; and lift up my hands in thy  
name.

(SOLO.)

- 6 Because thou hast been my helper, therefore  
under the shadow of thy wings will I  
rejoice.

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.———Amen.

ANTHEM II. From Psalm xlvii.

(FULL.)

- 1 **O** CLAP your hands together, all ye  
people; O sing unto God with the  
voice of melody;

- 2 For the Lord is high, and to be feared; he  
is the great King over all the earth.

66 SELECT ANTHEMS.

3 He shall chuse out an heritage for us : even  
the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.

(BASS SOLO.)

4 God is gone up with a merry noise ;

(CHORUS.)

5 And the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.

(SOLO.)

6 O sing praises to our God ; O sing praises to  
our King.

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah. — — — Amen.

ANTHEM III. From Isaiah ix.

*For Christmas.*

1 **U**NTO us a Child is born, unto us a Son  
is given : and the government shall be  
upon his shoulders. — — — Hallelujah.

2 Unto

## SELECT ANTHEMS. 67

- 2 Unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor,

(CHORUS.)

- 3 The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Hallelujah.

(SOLO.)

- 4 Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end:

(TENOR and BASS.)

- 5 Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and justice, from henceforth, even for ever.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 6 The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

## ANTHEM

**Note.** Repeat the First Hallelujah; and end at the  
“ Prince of Peace.”

68 SELECT ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM IV. From Psalm xcvi.

(CHORUS.)

1 **O** SING unto the Lord a new song ;  
sing unto the Lord, and praise his  
name :

2 Be telling of his salvation from day to day.

(DUET.)

3 Declare his honor unto the heathen, declare  
his wonders unto all people.

(BASS SOLO.)

4 For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily  
be praised : he is more to be feared than  
all gods.

(TENOR SOLO.)

5 Glory and worship are before him, power  
and honor are in his sanctuary.

(CHORUS.)

SELECT ANTHEMS. 69

(CHORUS.)

6 Let the whole earth stand in awe of him,  
tell it out among the people, that the  
Lord is King.——Amen. Amen.

ANTHEM V. From Psalm xxii.

(SOLO.)

1 **M**Y God, my God, look on me; why  
hast thou forsaken me, and art so far  
from my health?

(SOLO.)

2 O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou  
hearest not: also in the night season I  
take no rest.

(TWO VOICES.)

3 Our fathers hoped and trusted in thee, and  
thou didst deliver them.

(SOLO.)



(SOLO.)

- 4 Oh go not far from me, O Lord, for sorrow's  
hard at hand; and there is none to help;  
Like water I am pour'd out, my heart  
like melting wax; and thou shalt bring me  
to the dust of death.

(CHORUS.)

- 5 O sing praises to the Lord, O sing praises to  
our God: Hallelujah, for the kingdom is  
the Lord's: Hallelujah, he is the Go-  
vernor.———Hallelujah.

## ANTHEM VI. From Psalm cxxxviii.

(SOLO.)

- 1 **B**Y the waters of Babylon we sat down,  
and wept; when we remember'd thee,  
O Sion.

- 2 As for our harps, we hanged upon the trees  
that are therein.

(BASS)

SELECT ANTHEMS. 71

(BASS SOLO.)

- 3 For they that led us captive away required  
then a song, and melody in our heaviness :  
sing us one of the songs of Sion.

(CHORUS.)

- 4 How shall we sing the Lord's song?

(SOLO.)

- 5 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem ; if I prefer  
thee not, may my right hand forget her  
cunning ; and my tongue cleave to the  
roof of my mouth.

(BASS SOLO)

- 6 Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,  
in the day of Jerusalem : how they said,  
down with it, down with it to the ground.

(SOLO.)

- 7 Daughter of Babylon wasted with misery.

(CHORUS.)

(CHORUS.)

8 Happy shall he be, that so rewardeth thee, as  
thou hast served us.

Hallelujah.———Amen.

ANTHEM VII. From Isaiah xii.

(FULL.)

1 **B**EHOLD, the Lord is my salvation :  
in him will I trust, for the Lord is my  
strength and my song; and he is become  
my salvation.

2 Cry aloud, and sing unto the Lord; for great  
is the Holy One of Israel.

Hallelujah.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM VIII. From Psalm cxxx.

(SOLO.)

1 **O**UT of the deep I call thee: Lord  
hear my voice, consider my com-  
plaining.

(BASS SOLO)

2 I look for God; my soul doth wait for him:  
in his word is my trust.

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.

(SOLO.)

3 My soul now fleeth after God, before the  
morning watch; I say, before the morn-  
ing watch.

G

Solo

74 SELECT ANTHEMS.

(BASS SOLO.)

- 4 With him there is plenteous redemption : O  
put your trust in the Lord.

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.

(SOLO.)

- 5 O Lord, if thou wilt be extreme, who shall  
abide it ?

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.———Amen.

ANTHEM IX. From Psalm xxiv.

(SOLO.)

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, O ye gates ; and  
be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ;

(CHORUS.)

- 2 And the King of Glory shall come in.

SOLO.



SELECT ANTHEMS. 75

(SOLO.)

3 Who is the King of Glory?

(CHORUS.)

4 It is the Lord, strong and mighty: even the  
Lord, strong and mighty in battle.

(TWO VOICES.)

5 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye  
lift up, ye everlasting doors:

(CHORUS.)

6 And the King of Glory shall come in.

(SOLO.)

7 Who is the King of Glory?

7 Even the Lord of hosts: he is the King  
of Glory!

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.———Amen

G 2 ANTHEM

## ANTHEM X. From Job xxii.

(SOLO.)

- 1 **A**CQUAINT thyself with God, and  
be at peace with him, and lay up his  
words in thine heart.

(BASS SOLO.)

- 2 If thou return to the Almighty, put away  
Iniquity from thee; and the Almighty  
shall be thy defence.

(SOLO.)

- 3 God of mercy, God of love: O that I knew  
where I might find thee, that I might  
come unto thy feat.

(THREE VOICES.)

- 4 And so shalt thou put thy delight in the  
Lord: the mighty Jehovah shall be thy  
defence, thy shield and thy glory, the  
rock of thy strength.

Two

SELECT ANTHEMS. 77

(TWO VOICES.)

- 5 Thou shalt have delight therein, and shall  
lift up thy face unto God, and sing :

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.

ANTHEM XI. From Psalm xxxiv.

(CHORUS.)

- 1 **I** Will always give thanks unto the Lord :  
his praise shall be ever in my mouth.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord :  
the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 O praise the Lord with me, and let us mag-  
nify his name together.

G 5

BASS

78 SELECT ANTHEMS.

(BASS SOLO.)

- 4 I fought the Lord, and he heard me; yea,  
he delivered me out of all my fear.

(SOLO.)

- 5 Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth  
him; yea, and saveth him out of all his  
troubles.

(SOLO.)

- 6 O taste, and see how gracious the Lord is:  
blessed is the man that putteth his trust in  
him.

(CHORUS.)

- 7 O praise the Lord with me, and let us mag-  
nify his name together.

(FOUR VOICES.)

- 8 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and  
to the Holy Ghost:—As it was in the be-  
ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end.—Amen.

ANTHEM

## ANTHEM XII. From Joel ii.

(FULL.)

1 **B**LOW the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a  
fast, call a solemn assembly in the house  
of the Lord your God; and cry unto the  
Lord—Spare thy people, O Lord.

2 Fear not; be glad, and rejoice: for the  
Lord will do great things for us.

Hallelujah.

## ANTHEM XIII. From Psalm cviii.

(FULL.)

1 **O** GOD, my heart is ready; I will sing  
and give praise with the best member  
I have.

2 Awake up my glory; awake lute and harp;  
I myself will awake right early.

(BASS



80 SELECT ANTHEMS.

(BASS SOLO.)

3 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among  
the heathen :

(SOLO.)

4 And I will sing unto thee, O Lord, among  
the nations.

(FULL.)

5 Set up thyself, O Lord, above the heavens,  
and thy glory above all the earth.

Hallelujah.—Amen.

ANTHEM XIV. From Revelations xxi.

(SOLO.)

1 **I** HEARD a great voice as of the sound  
of a trumpet, saying—I am Alpha and  
Omega, the first and the last.

(SOLO.)

2 And I saw one like the Son of man,

(BASS SOLO.)

3 Clothed in a garment down to his feet.

SOLO

SELECT ANTHEMS. 81

(SOLO.)

- 4 His head and his hair were white like wool;  
as white as snow; and his eyes were as a  
flame of fire.

(SOLO.)

- 5 And his feet were like unto fine brags:

(SOLO.)

- 6 And his voice as the sound of many waters.

(CHORUS.)

- 7 His countenance was, as the sun shineth in  
his strength.

(SOLO.)

- 8 And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as  
dead:

(BASS SOLO.)

- 9 And he laid his right hand upon me, saying  
unto me—fear not:

(CHORUS.)

- 10 I am he that liveth, and was dead: and be-  
hold I am alive for evermore.—Amen.

ANTHEM

82 SELECT ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM XV. From Psalm lv.

(Two Voices.)

- 1 **H**EAR my prayer, O God, and hide  
not thyself from my petition.

(Solo.)

- 2 Take heed unto me, and hear me; how I  
mourn in my prayer, and am vexed.

(Recitative.)

- 3 My heart is disquieted within me; and the  
fear of death is fall'n upon me.

(Two Voices.)

- 4 Then I said—O that I had wings like a  
dove, then would I flee away, and be at  
rest.

(CHORUS.)

- 5 O that I had wings like a dove;

(Two

SELECT ANTHEMS. 83

(Two Voices.)

6 Then would I flee away, and be at rest.

(CHORUS.)

7 Then would I flee away, and be at rest.

ANTHEM XVI. From Matthew xxv.

(Bass Solo.)

1 **W**HEN the Son of man shall come in  
his glory, and all the holy angels  
with him :

(Three Voices.)

2 Then shall he sit upon the throne of his  
glory.

(Bass Solo.)

3 When the Son of man shall come in his  
glory, and all the holy angels with him :

(Three Voices.)

4 Then shall he sit upon the throne of his  
glory.

Recitative.

## 84 SELECT ANTHEMS.

(Recitative.)

- 5 Before him shall be gathered all nations, and  
he shall separate them one from another :  
He shall say to them on his right hand,—

(Bass Solo.)

- 6 Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the  
kingdom prepared for you from the founda-  
tion of the world : for I was hungry,  
and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and  
ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye  
took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ;  
I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in  
prison, and ye came unto me.

(Two Voices.)

- 7 Lord, Lord, when saw we thee an hungry,  
and fed thee ; or thirsty, and gave thee  
drink ? when saw we thee a stranger, and  
took thee in : naked, and clothed ; or  
when saw we thee sick or in prison, and  
came unto thee ?

Recitative



SELECT ANTHEMS.

85

(Recitative Bass.)

- 8 Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. The righteous shall go into life eternal.

(CHORUS.)

Hallelujah.

ANTHEM XVII. From Psalm ci.

(SOLO.)

- 1 MY song shall be of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.

(Recitative.)

- 2 O let me have understanding in the way of godliness

(DUETT, VOICE and ORGAN.)

- 3 When wilt thou come unto me? I will walk in my house with a perfect heart.

H

SOLO.

86 SELECT ANTHEMS.

(SOLO.)

- 4 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people : I will sing praises unto thee, among the nations : For thy mercy is greater than the heav'ns, and thy truth reacheth unto the c'ouds.

(Two Voices.)

- 5 Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, glory be to the Holy Ghost.

(CHORUS.)

- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.—Amen.

ANTHEM XVIII. From Psalm ii.

(CHORUS.)

- 1 **W**HY do the heathen so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing ? The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together

SELECT ANTHEMS. 87

together against the Lord, and against his  
anointed. Let us break their bonds asun-  
der, and cast away their cords from us.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 2 He that dwelleth in heav'n shall laugh them  
to scorn : the Lord shall have them in de-  
rision.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,  
and vex them sore in his displeasure : yet  
have I set my King upon my holy hill :—  
the hill Sion.

ANTHEM XIX. From Psalm cxix.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 1 **L**ORD, what love have I unto thy law !  
all the day long is my study in it.

(SOLO.)

- 2 The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than  
thousands of gold and silver.

H 2

Two

(Two Voices.)

- 3 O how sweet are thy words unto my throat :  
yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth.

(CHORUS.)

- 4 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth : trouble and heaviness have taken hold upon me, yet is my delight in thy commandments.

## ANTHEM XX. From Psalm iii.

(FULL.)

- 1 **L**ORD, how are they increased that trouble me ? many are they that rise against me : many one there be that say of my soul—there is no help for him in his God.

(Two Voices.)

- 2 But thou, O Lord, art my defender ; thou art my worship, and the lifter-up of my head.

CHORUS.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord, and thy blessing is among thy people.

ANTHEM XXI. From 1 Chronicles xxix.

(CHORUS.)

- 1 **B**LESSED be thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever.

- 2 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the pow'r, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty; for all that is in the heav'n and the earth are thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord; and thou art exalted as head over all.

(Two Voices.)

- 3 Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is pow'r and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

H 3

CHORUS.



(CHORUS.)

- 4 Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee;  
we thank thee, O God, and praise thy  
glorious name.

ANTHEM XXII. From Luke iii.  
*For Christmas Day.*

(FULL.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD, I bring you glad tidings;—  
which shall be to all people—tidings  
of great joy.

(Two Voices.)

- 2 For unto us a-child is born this day, in the  
city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ  
the Lord.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 Glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to  
all people.

4 And

- 4 And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heav'nly host, praising God, and saying——Hallelujah, glory to God in the highest.———Amen.

ANTHEM XXIII. From Job vii.  
*For a Funeral.*

(FULL.)

- 1 **I**S there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?

(SOLO.)

- 2 I'm made to possess months of vanity; and wearisome nights are appointed to me.

(CHORUS.)

- 3 And wearisome nights are appointed to me.  
4 When I lie down, I say—when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I'm full of tossing to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.

Two.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 5 My flesh is cloath'd with worms, my skin is broken and become loathsome : I loath it, I wou'd not live always : let me alone, for my days are vanity.

(BASS SOLO.)

- 6 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

(FULL.)

- 7 O remember that my life is wind : mine eyes shall no more see good. As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away : so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more : for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning ; but I shall not be.

## ANTHEM XXIV. From Psalm lvii.

(FULL.)

- 1 **A**WAKE up, my glory ; awake lute and harp : I myself will awake right early.

2 I will

SELECT ANTHEMS. 93

2 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among  
the people; and I will sing unto thee, a-  
mong the nations.

3 For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto  
the heav'ns, and thy truth unto the clouds.

5 Set up thyself, O God, above the heav'ns,  
and thy glory above all the earth.

Hallelujah.

ANTHEM XXV. From Psalm cxxvi.

(SOLO.)

1 **W**HEN the Lord turn'd again the cap-  
tivity of Sion, then were we like  
unto them that dream.

(CHORUS.)

2 Then was our mouth fill'd with laughter, and  
our tongues with joy.

BASS

(BASS SOLO.)

- 3 When the Lord turn'd again the captivity of  
Sion, then were we like unto them that  
dream.

(CHORUS.)

- 4 Then was our mouth fill'd with laughter, and  
our tongues with joy.

(SOLO.)

- 5 Then said they among the heathen :—the  
Lord hath done great things for them :

(CHORUS.)

- 6 Yea, the Lord hath done great things for  
us already ; whereof we rejoice.

Hallelujah.

ANTHEM



## ANTHEM XXVI.

(THREE VOICES.)

- 1 **A**LL thy works praise thee, O Lord,  
and thy saints give thanks unto thee.

(DUET, VOICE and ORGAN.)

- 2 They shew the glory of thy kingdom, and  
talk of thy pow'r.

(SOLO.)

- 3 That thy pow'r, thy glory, and mightiness  
of thy kingdom might be known unto  
men, thy kingdom is an everlasting king-  
dom; and thy dominion endureth through-  
out all ages.

(TWO VOICES.)

- 4 The Lord upholdeth all such as fall; and  
lifteth up all those that are down.

THREE

(THREE VOICES.)

5 The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord:  
and thou givest them their meat in due  
season.

6 Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all  
things living with plenteousness.

END of the ANTHEMS.





H Y M N 32.—For the *Charity Children*,  
educated at *Tunbridge-Wells*.—By J. S.

- 1 **I** F any pity dwell on earth,  
If any cries can call it forth,  
Let helpless youth for succour plead,  
And bid, ah bid our wish succeed.
- 2 No crimes of ours have brought us low,  
Our age too tender, crimes to know;  
But, born in stern misfortune's frown,  
With iron arm she keeps us down.
- 3 Nor deem the wretch despis'd by God,  
Our rugged path the best have trod;  
The Son of God himself, has said,—  
He found no place to lay his head.

98 SELECT HYMNS.

- 4 Oh, for his sake, compassion shew!  
 In gratitude one mite bestow!  
 He bids us hope, He bids us sue,  
 Even HE, that pleads in heaven for YOU.

HYMN 33.—For *Christmas-Day* Morning.  
 (Particular Measure.)

- 1 **A**RISE, and hail the sacred day:  
 Cast all low cares of life away,  
 And thought of meaner things:  
 This day, to cure our deadly woes,  
 The Son of Righteousness arose  
 With healing in his wings.
- 2 If angels, on that happy morn,  
 The Savior of the world was born,  
 Pour'd forth their joyful songs:  
 Much more should we of human race  
 Adore the wonders of his grace,  
 To whom that grace belongs.

3 O then

# SELECT HYMNS. 99

3 O then let heaven and earth rejoice,  
 Let every creature join his voice  
 To hymn the happy day :  
 When satan's empire vanquish'd fell,  
 And all the powers of death and hell  
 Confess'd His sovereign sway.

## H Y M N 34.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 T'wards heav'n—thy native place.  
*Sun and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove :  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
 To seats prepar'd above.*

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course :  
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source.  
*Sun and moon, and stars, &c.*



100 SELECT HYMNS.

3 So a foul pants—born of God,  
To view his glorious face:  
Upwards tends to his abode  
To rest in his embrace.

*Sun and moon, and stars decay, &c.*

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize:  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies.

*Sun and moon, and stars decay, &c.*

5 Yet a season, and you know,  
Happy entrance will be given;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth chang'd for heav'n.

*Sun and moon, and stars decay, &c.*

HYMN 35 From Psalm c.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:  
Know, that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

4 The

- 2 His Sov'reign Pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
And high as heav'n our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten-thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world, is thy command,  
Vast as eternity, thy love :  
Firm as a rock, thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N 36.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God ! I chant the lay,  
When morning gilds the skies ;  
When the sun mounts his azure way,  
And when the shades arise.

102 SELECT HYMNS.

2 Thou often art my midnight theme,  
When all is calm and free :  
Yea, sometimes in a grateful dream,  
My soul takes hold on Thee.

3 Thou fill'st my cup with every good !  
Health is thy gift and peace ;  
Thy hand conveys my daily food,  
And cloaths me with thy fleece.

4 When sin's false glare allures the soul,  
And every virtue shakes ;  
Thy mercy does that rage controul,  
Or, heal the breach it makes :

5 Restores me to thy wonted Love,  
With fresh supplies of grace ;  
That I, more steadily may move,  
Or, swifter in life's race !

6 When doubts and fears the heart distend,  
Woes press on every side ;  
Thou art my help ! I have no friend  
In heav'n or earth beside.

7 Then

7 Then how shall I, indulgent God!  
The theme of praise decline?  
No, while life animates this clod,  
My thanks are ever thine.

8 And when exhausted nature can  
No more a voice supply;  
My soul, on her immortal plan,  
Shall loftier numbers try.

H Y M N 37.

*On the New Year.*

1 GREAT God, to Thee, what gratitude  
I owe!

The source of all that I enjoy below:  
Past blessings not thy gracious care suffice,  
New mercies still with each new moment rise.

2 With the old year, may the old man be gone,  
And, with the new, may I the new put on:  
Oh! to supply new time, new grace be thine,  
New heart, new spirit, and new life be mine.

H Y M N

HYMN 38.—From Psalm cxxvii.

1 **O** THEN that all the earth with me  
Wou'd God for this his goodness  
praise ;

And for the mighty works which he,  
Throughout the wond'ring world displays.

(CHORUS.)

*Let Israel's God be ever blest,  
His name eternally confess'd :  
Let all his saints, with full accord,  
Sing loud Amens—praise ye the Lord.*

2 With off'rings let his altar flame,  
Whilst we, our grateful thanks express ;  
And with loud joy, his holy name,  
For all his acts of wonder bless.

(CHORUS.)

*Let Israel's God be ever blest, &c.*

Hallelujah.

B E N E.



B E N E D I C I T E.

- 1 **O** ALL ye works of God the Lord,  
bless ye the Lord, praise him, and  
magnify him for ever.
- 2 O all ye angels of the Lord, *Bless, &c.*
- 3 O all ye starry heavens high, *Bless, &c.*
- 4 O all ye powers of God the Lord, *Bless &c.*
- 5 O let the earth so bless the Lord, *Bless, &c.*
- 6 O earth and air, and seas and hills, *Bless &c.*
- 7 O all ye children of mankind, *Bless, &c.*
- 8 O all ye priests of God the Lord, *Bless, &c.*
- 9 O all ye servants of the Lord, *Bless, &c.*
- 10 Ye holy, and ye meek of heart, *Bless, &c.*

F I N I S.

T H E

# T H E I N D E X.

| Hymn                                         | Page |
|----------------------------------------------|------|
| 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise     | 5    |
| 2 From whence these dire portends around     | 7    |
| 3 When rising from the bed of death          | 8    |
| 4 Jesus Christ is risen to day               | 10   |
| 5 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows         | 10   |
| *5 Hark, my gay friend, that solemn toll     | 12   |
| 6 And are we now brought near to God,        | 15   |
| 7 All glorious God, what hymns of praise     | 16   |
| 8 Creator spirit, by whose aid               | 18   |
| 9 Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue | 20   |
| 10 Great God of hosts attend our pray'r      | 21   |
| 11 My God, now I from sleep awake            | 23   |
| 12 God of my life, thy constant care         | 26   |
| 13 Salvation doth to God belong              | 27   |
| 14 My God, with grateful heart I'll praise   | 29   |
| 15 High let us swell our tuneful notes       | 31   |
| 16 Since our good friend is gone to rest     | 33   |
| 17 All hail ! the powers of Jesus grace      | 34   |

\* \* *The Six following Hymns by the  
Rev. Richard Onely, late Rector of Speldhurst.*

|                                               |    |
|-----------------------------------------------|----|
| 18 Great God on whom all Angels call          | 36 |
| 19 All hail ! from everlasting Lord           | 38 |
| 20 Hail ! Holy Ghost ! not least, tho' last   | 39 |
| 21 Jehovah ! Lord of earth and heav'n         | 41 |
| 22 Bless'd Trinity ! on whom we call          | 42 |
| 23 What pen can paint, what thought can reach | 43 |

# I N D E X.

| Hymn                                        | Page |
|---------------------------------------------|------|
| 24 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?      | 45   |
| 25 No change of times shall ever shock      | 46   |
| 26 Let all the list'ning world attend       | 47   |
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